TOLD IN NEW CHILLING PICTO-ACTION

WEIRD

AUGUST 1974

75¢

A forbidden world of terror rips open in

TOMB OF HORROR

A SLICE OF BLOODY SHOCK IN

MONSTER MAKER

•

THE DEAD LIVE

KING KONG

Item 639K.....King Kong.....$1.00
Item 639B. Beast From 20,000 fathoms 1.00
ORDER BOTH for $1.75 and save

WORM TRICK

These innocent looking pellets magically turn to worms when dropped in a glass of water. Horrify your friends with this harmless trick.
No. 612 25c

COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT

★ BADGE ★ CARRYING CASE
★ SPECIAL I. D. CARD

ONLY $2.75

This professional type detective badge kit and case includes an extra heavy silvered nickle badge for use by private and special investigators PLUS authentic-type case and I.D. Card. Impress your friends with this official looking novelty. No.860...$2.75

TRICK BLACK SOAP

Ordinary looking piece of soap. Victim washes face and gets blacker and blacker. When he gets a look in the mirror, he'll be shocked. Harmless. Only 35c
No. 575

"GENUINE" VAMPIRE BLOOD

VAMPIRE B-L-O-O-D

You never know when a Vampire will strike! Be ready with this realistic-looking "Vampire blood" and watch the girls swoon. Non-toxic of course--absolutely safe. Comes in a tube.
Item No. 622.....50¢

FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.
NO 549 25¢

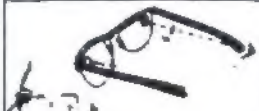
ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Light one and watch the column of thick white smoke rise to the ceiling and expand into a dense cloud. Sensational surprising effect.
No. 871 25c

MAGIC CARDS

Deck is marked and stripped. Can be read from the back but looks like ordinary deck. With instructions for 10 terrific tricks
No. 183 $1.00

SEE BEHIND GLASSES



A specially treated pair of sunglasses with secret mirrors that enable you to see behind you without anyone knowing that you're watching
No. 8063 75¢

HOT PEPPER GUM

Lots of FUN passing out this Spearmint Gum with Hot Pepper added. Regulation pack, 5 sticks in colly wrapped package to keep it fresh.
A121 25¢

SILENT DOG WHISTLE

This whistle can't be heard by human ears, but Rover can, hear it half a mile away. Your dog will understand that this whistle is for him alone. Be amazed how quickly he responds.
No. 701 $1.00

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Six power wide field magnifier is great for watching sporting events, nature study, girl watching and counter spying. Also contains a 30 power microscope. Not a toy but a real optical instrument.
No. F59 $1.50

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No. 239 Only 50c

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ONLY $1.98 What man wouldn't enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing —a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Livens up party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item.
RR15....$1.98

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Results in just 30 days
Pocket gym slaps inches of muscle on your arms and torso. Gain the respect of your friends —the admiration of the girls. Keep fit and healthy. Fear no one! Made of heavy rubber
No. 7301 only $1.00

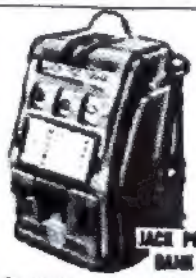
WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream
No. 247 50c

ONION GUM

Looks like regl chewing gum but tastes like ONIONS! It's too funny! 5 slices to a pack
No. 281 20c

JACK POT BANK



Dime-operated "one armed Bandit" works like those in Las Vegas. Deposit dime, pull handle, and reels spin like the real thing. Dimes are removable. Should not be used for gambling.
No. 2062 ....$1.98

SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock
Only You Can Open
ONLY $1.69

Looks like any book to camouflage your valuables. Securely locked with your own private combination. Tough under-structure is covered with simulated leather binding.
No. 700 $1.69

PHONY CAST

Imitation white plaster arm cast complete with arm sling. Looks like the real thing! Fits teenagers or adults. A 4 $1.98

Scary, Life-Size MONSTER GHOST

ONLY $1.00

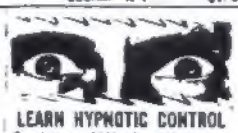
Obeys Your Commands!
OVER 7 FEET TALL

Scare the daylights out of your "victim" as this terrifying life size ghost hovers and darts over him. Can be controlled up to 50 feet away so you can hide while watching your victim. Complete instructions included.
No. MT1D1.....$1.00

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
No. 878 Only 50c

LEARN HYPNOTIC CONTROL



Develop your hidden hypnotic powers to control the minds and bodies of men and women. Learn to perform amazing feats and entertain at parties. Easily learned from the new book, "25 Lessons in Hypnotism."
No. 7217 45c

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No. 26W....$1.98

FINGER CHOPPER

Chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Full instructions.
No. 6222 $1

MONEYMAKER

Insert a blank piece of paper, turn the knob . . . and . . . OUT COMES A REAL DOLLAR BILL! Insert the dollar and it changes to a $5 then the $5 changes to $10.
8139 1.29

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FULL SIZE SKELETON 7 FEET TALL EYES GLOW IN THE DARK

This 7 foot tall "BONEY THE SKELETON" is scary enough at any time —but wait till you see him IN THE DARK in all his horrible, spine chilling grandeur, eyes glowing like fiery coals. If you like to haunt houses or frighten friends, this is for you! Or hang "Boney" in your room or to liven up a party.
No. F290 $1.00

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Rush me the items listed below. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days FREE TRIAL for full refund of purchase price.
We cannot accept orders totaling less than $1.00.

NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25c to total order for postage and handling.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

For COD orders please send 50c good will deposit. Pay postman the balance on delivery plus COD and handling charges.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____
New York State residents add appropriate sales tax

WEIRD

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CARL BURGOS, Editor **IRVING FASS**, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

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A TOMB OF HORROR

COME WITH US AND WITNESS THE SORDID DESTINY OF THE INFAMOUS ENGLISHMEN WHO PLOTTED TO PLUNDER THE SACRED, LOST TOMB OF THE FABULOUS QUEEN OF THE NILE ONLY TO HAVE THEIR EXPEDITION TRANSFORMED INTO...

IN EXOTIC CAIRO, THREE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE ARRIVED FROM LONDON WITH A SECRET MAP STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF CENTURIES!

YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR OWN LAND! THE QUEEN OF THE NILE'S TOMB SHALL NOT BE PILLAGED!

WHO TOLD THIS WRETCH OF OUR PLANS?

WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

FEARING THAT THEIR DESPERATE PLOT MIGHT BE EXPOSED, THE THREE MEN DRAGGED THE MYSTERIOUS DANCING GIRL FROM THE CAFE!

NOW SHE'LL BE SILENT FOREVER!

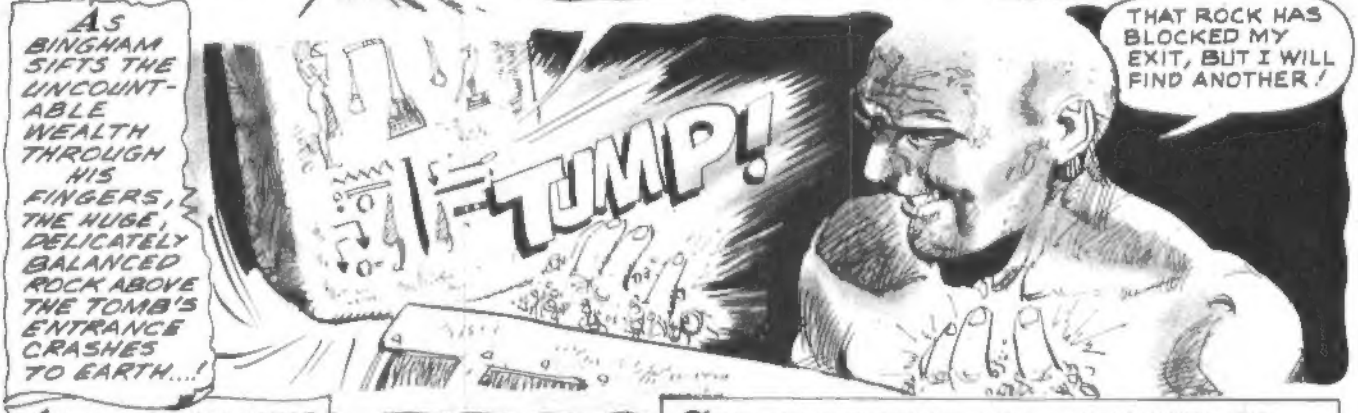
BY MY ANCESTORS... I PLACE THE CURSE OF... THE QUEEN OF THE NILE UPON YOU! YOU... SHALL DIE... ONE BY ONE...!
YORK, WELLS, AND BINGHAM, SOON FORGETTING THE INCIDENT IN CAIRO, STRUCK OUT INTO THE DESERT! BUT SOMEHOW NEWS OF THEIR DESTINATION ESCAPED TO THEIR CARAVAN AND...
COME BACK! OUR PROVISIONS!
YOU SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS!
DESERTED!
IN DESPERATE STRAITS FOR LACK OF FOOD OR WATER, THE THREE MEN STAGGER WILDLY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS...
WITH THEIR WRACKED BODIES BLISTERED AND EMACIATED, THE THREE MEN SUDDENLY ENCOUNTER A STRANGE CLOAKED FIGURE WHO DIRECTS THEM TO WATER!
WATER WE MUST FIND WATER!
THIS UNBEARABLE HEAT!
WE MUST FIND THE TOMB!
CONTINUE AND YOU WILL FIND WATER!
WATER!
WATER! I MUST HAVE WATER!
THEIR GREED SHALL BE THEIR UNDOING! THE MURDER SHALL BE AVENGED!
WE ARE SAVED! THE TREASURES OF THE PHAROAHS SHALL BE OURS!
AT LAST WE SHALL DRINK!
HA-HA! SO MUCH FOR THE CURSE OF THE DANCING GIRL!
AND THEN ON TO THE TOMB!

BUT AS WELLS FLINGS HIMSELF UPON THE BANK OF THE SPRING AND CUPS HIS TREMBLING HANDS INTO THE COOL WATER, THE ENTIRE OASIS IS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO A GAUNT, NAKED WASTELAND!
AAAGGHAA
NO! NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'M GOING MAD!
COME! WE MUST CONTINUE! THE TREASURE!
SHORTLY AFTER, WELLS DIED, UNABLE TO BEAR THE TORTURE! BINGHAM AND YORK, THEIR MINDS THROBBING LIKE JUNGLE DRUMS, AND THEIR BODIES SEARED BY THE UNBEARABLE SUN... CONTINUE IN SEARCH OF THEIR FANTASTIC GOAL!
I...I CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER! I'M AFLAME!
WE MUST GO ON! THE TREASURE MUST BE OURS!
FEVERISH AND SPENT THE TWO MEN ENCOUNTER A BAND OF JACKALS! VULTURES OF THE DESERT! THE CANNIBALISTIC BEASTS ATTACK THEM RELENTLESSLY, TEARING AT THEIR MEAGRE FLESH...
THE CURSE OF THE DANCING GIRL... AIEEEEEE!
THEY'RE DEVILS! THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!
BANG BANG
DIE, YORK, DIE! LET THEM FEED ON YOUR BONES AND I SHALL ESCAPE!
CRAK
ONLY ONE MURDERER REMAINS! HA-HA!
HIS WASTED BODY RAVAGED BY THE HOT DESERT SUN, AND DEHYDRATED TO EMACIATION BY LACK OF WATER, BINGHAM STAGGERS DOGGEDLY FORWARD AS HE SIGHTS HIS GOAL...!
THE TOMB! THE LOST TOMB! I HAVE SUCCEEDED!
6

THE LOST TOMB OF THE QUEEN OF THE NILE! FOUND AT LAST! AND IT'S TREASURES SHALL BE MINE!

THE INSCRIPTION! "HERE LIES THE QUEEN OF THE NILE", SUCCESS! THE PARCHMENT MAP DID NOT LIE! HA-HA-HA!

HIS WEARINESS AND THIRST TRANCENDED BY HIS MADDENED LUST, BINGHAM FLINGS OPEN THE MUMMY CASE THAT HAS BEEN SEALED FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES...
OH, MIGHTY QUEEN, MEET SLADE BINGHAM WHO IS EVEN MIGHTIER...! HA-HA-HA!


AS BINGHAM SIFTS THE UNCOUNTABLE WEALTH THROUGH HIS FINGERS, THE HUGE, DELICATELY BALANCED ROCK ABOVE THE TOMB'S ENTRANCE CRASHES TO EARTH...!
TUMP!
THAT ROCK HAS BLOCKED MY EXIT, BUT I WILL FIND ANOTHER!

AN ALL CONSUMING THIRST AGAIN DESCENDS UPON BINGHAM!
WATER... I MUST HAVE WATER! I CAN HEAR IT... WATER!

CRAZED WITH FEAR AND MADDENED BY THIRST, BINGHAM CAREENS HYSTERICALLY THROUGH THE ANCIENT CATACOMBS!
HA-HA-HA! HER TOMB MUST NOT BE PILLAGED! YOU MUST PAY! HA-HA!
THAT VOICE! THE VOICE OF THE DEAD DANCING GIRL...! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WATER! WATER... AT LAST...!
YOU CANNOT DRINK! I FORBID IT!
WHA...! NO! NO!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M... GOING MAD! THIS AWFUL THIRST...! I MUST ESCAPE!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
BUT THE EXIT HAS BEEN SEALED BY THE HUGE ROCK... AND SLADE BINGHAM, UNABLE TO BUDGE IT, CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR AND DIES OF HUNGER!
THE QUEEN OF THE NILE, HER MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, STANDS MAJESTICALLY WATCHING BINGHAM'S HORRIBLE DEATH!
HER WORK DONE, SHE STEPS BACK INTO THE AGES!!!
AAAGRR!
THE CURSE OF THE QUEEN OF THE NILE HAS BEEN EXACTED! AND THE MURDER OF MY KINSWOMAN AVENGED!
THE POLISHED BONES OF WELLS AND YORK AND THE TWISTED CORPSE OF BINGHAM LIE IN TESTIMONY TO THE FACT THAT THE ONLY TREASURE AWAITING THOSE WHO VIOLATE THE TOMB OF THE QUEEN OF THE NILE IS DEATH...!
THE END

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MONSTER MAKER
IN MANKIND'S NEVER ENDING QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE THERE IS A LINE BEYOND WHICH SENSIBLE MEN WILL NOT TRAVEL! BUT EMILE ZATRUC WAS A MAN POSSESSED! HE THOUGHT HE HAD DISCOVERED THE "FLUID OF LIFE" ONLY TO FIND THAT IT WAS A...
IN THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR EMILE ZATRUC AN EXPERIMENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE... AN EXPERIMENT WHICH COULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
NOTHING IS HAPPENING, PROFESSOR! THE MOUSE IS STILL DEAD!
WAIT, BOYLAN, WAIT! I MUST BE SUCCESSFUL THIS TIME! I MUST...!

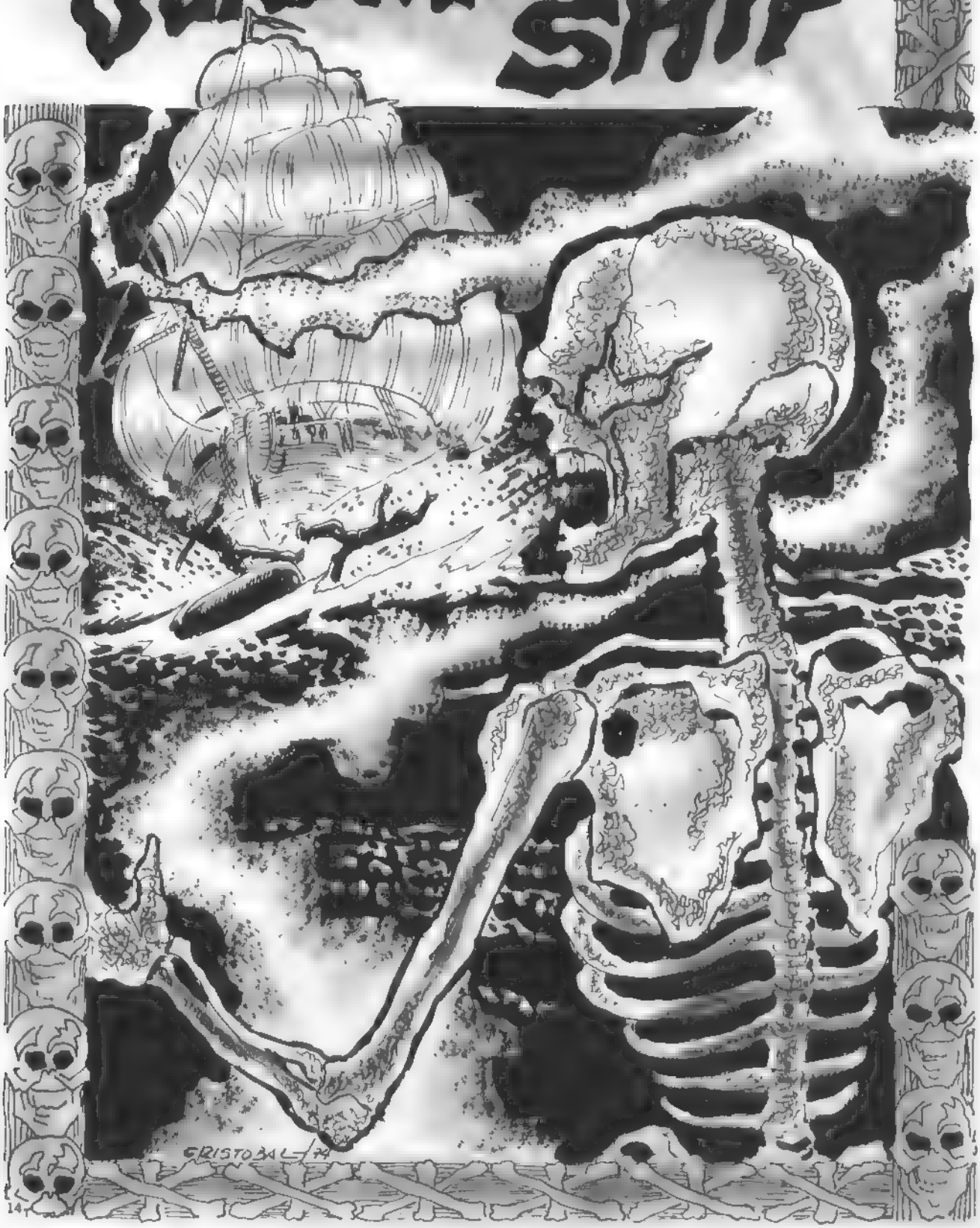
AS THE TWO MEN WATCH BREATHLESSLY, THE MOUSE STIRS.. THEN STANDS!
IT LIVES! MY LIFE FLUID HAS BROUGHT IT BACK TO LIFE!
BUT... LOOK AT IT...! IT'S HORRIBLE!
IT.. IT'S A MONSTER!
NOT ONLY HAVE I BROUGHT IT BACK TO LIFE.. I'VE MADE IT STRONGER THAN BEFORE!
ARE! U!
LET IT! IT'S WORK IS DONE! WE HAVE BUT ONE THING MORE TO DO!
IT'S ESCAPING!
GR-RR...
YOU YOU MURDERED HIM..!
YES! BUT FOR SCIENCE! FOR MY LIFE FLUID! NOTHING MATTERS BUT MY FLUID! NOTHING!
"ONE THING MORE TO DO". THE FINAL TEST.. ON A HUMAN CORPSE! AND THE PROFESSOR WASTES NO TIME IN PROCURING ONE...
WHA...
DO NOT BE SURPRISED! HE WILL SOON LIVE AGAIN! HA-HA!
BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER PROFESSOR ZATRUC AND HIS ASSISTANT HAVE DEPARTED, THE MURDERED TRAMP UNDERGOES A GHASTLY TRANSFORMATION
AAGR-R
GRAH
THE HIDEOUS MONSTER, POSSESSED OF SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, LURCHES FORWARD LIKE A JUNGLE BEAST! IT'S BRAIN HAS BEEN DESTROYED AND THE HULKING FIGURE IS CAPABLE OF NOTHING BUT VIOLENCE!

AN UNSUSPECTING WOMAN, RETURNING TO HER HOME, IS THE HAPLESS VICTIM OF THE CRAZED, BLOOD-THIRSTY MONSTER!
AHEEE! AHG-RR!
GOOD HEAVENS!
HA-HA! HE HAS RETURNED TO ME! HE KNOWS HIS MASTER!
BUT PROFESSOR ZATRUC'S GHASTLY CREATION HAS COMMITTED IT'S FIRST AND LAST ATROCITY! IT SUDDENLY QUIVERS, GURGLES DEEP IN ITS MURDEROUS THROAT, AND...
IT'S DEAD, THANK HEAVENS! THE HORRIBLE THING IS OUT OF IT'S MISERY!
NO! NO! IT CANNOT BE! MY LIFE FLUID MUST KEEP IT ALIVE FOREVER!
OBSESSED WITH HIS MAD DREAM OF THE "FLUID OF LIFE," THE CRAZED PROFESSOR PROCEEDS WITH HIS EVIL EXPERIMENT...!
THIS IS EVIL, PROFESSOR ZATRUC! I HAVE BEEN WITH YOU MANY YEARS, BUT THIS IS THE END!
IT IS FOR SCIENCE! NOTHING CAN STOP ME! I WILL DISCOVER THE SECRET TO ETERNAL LIFE!
I NEED ANOTHER GUINEA PIG! YOU SHALL BE IT!
YOU WEREN'T A GOOD SCIENTIST, BOYLAN! PERHAPS YOU WILL MAKE A GOOD SUBJECT! HA-HA!
ARRRR GGHH

DRIVEN BY THE INSANE DESIRE TO MASTER THE SECRET OF LIFE, PROFESSOR ZATRUC WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT... TESTING AND MODIFYING THE FORMULA OF HIS UNNATURAL FLUID! BUT HIS EFFORTS ARE BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT END...!
STOP, YOU FOOL! YOU ARE RUINING THE EXPERIMENT!
AACRR!
BOYLAN, HIS BRAIN DESTROYED, PICKS UP THE TERRIFIED ZATRUC AND...
NO!!
G-R-R!
SHOCK
AAHGRR
THE ROARING FLAMES CONSUME ALL THE EVIDENCE OF ZATRUC'S DIABOLICAL QUEST FOR THE "FLUID OF LIFE"... NOT A LIFE FLUID AT ALL, BUT A FORMULA FOR A MONSTER!
THE END

A PHANTOM SHIP ON A PHANTOM SEA - OR JUST A MYTH? WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS GEORGE HALE LIED. PERHAPS HIS SUFFERINGS DROVE HIM MAD. AND PERHAPS HE REALLY DID SAIL ABOARD---

THE DEADMAN'S SHIP



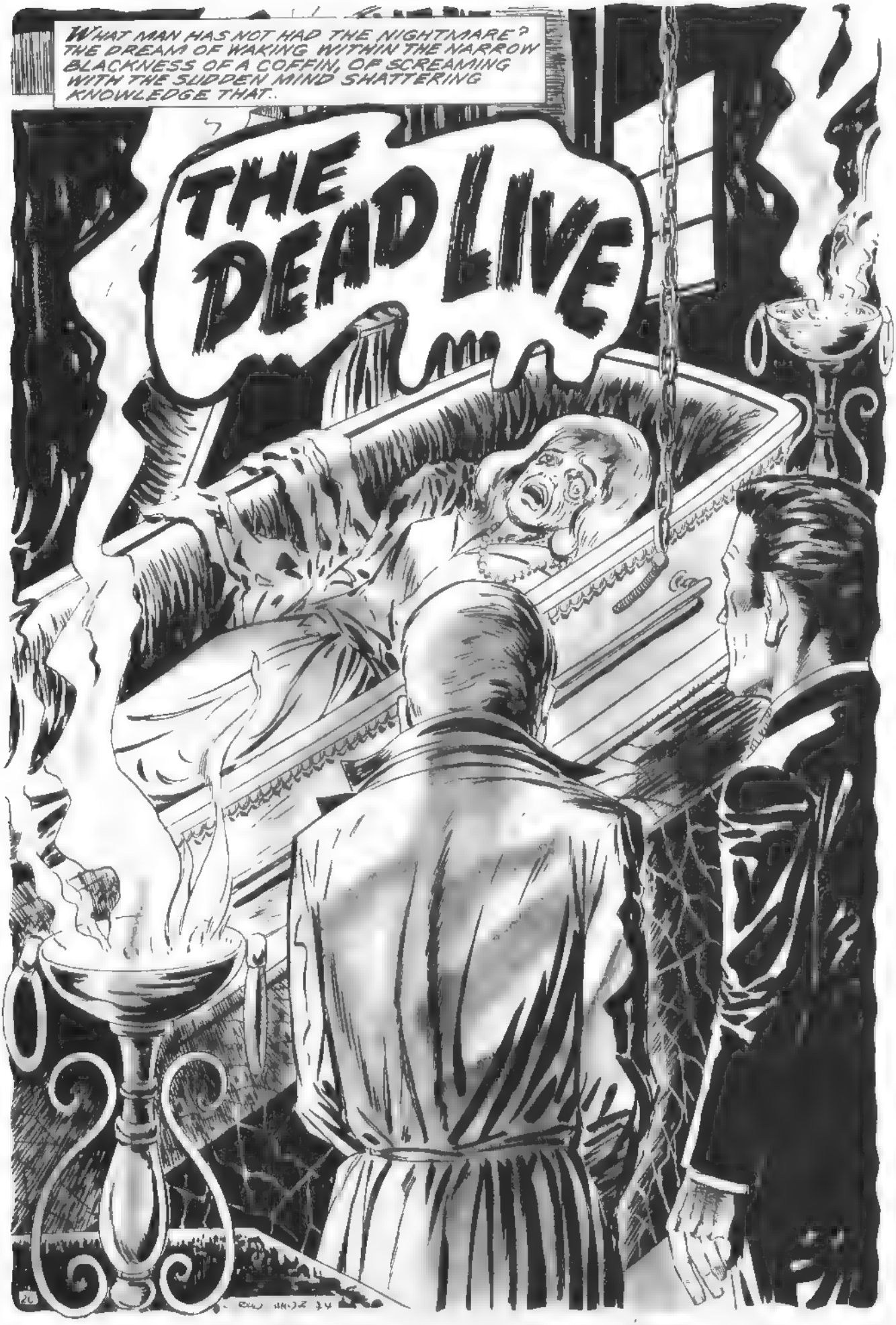
IF WE COULD QUESTION GEORGE HALE, WE MIGHT FIND THE ANSWER BUT WE CAN'T! WE HAVE ONLY THE STORY AS HE TOLD IT. BEGINNING WITH THAT DAY IN 1917...
TORPEDO! TORPEDO WAKE! OFF THE STARBOARD BOW---
STEVENS! WHERE... WHERE'S THE REST OF THE CREW?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT. THE NARCISSUS IS GOING DOWN! WE'VE GOT TO GET CLEAR OF THE UNDERTOW!
SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE A GERMAN TORPEDO FOUND ITS MARK. THE OIL TANKER, NARCISSUS ERUPTED AND THE FANTASTIC TALE BEGAN.
HALE AND STEVENS PADDLED FRANTICALLY, AND THEN THEY WERE ALONE, A SPECK, ADRIFT IN AN EMPTY WORLD.
HALE! OVER HERE!
WHAT CAME AFTER IS A STORY AS OLD AS THE SEA ITSELF DAY AFTER DAY OF BLAZING SUN THIRST NIGHTS WHEN THE GRAY FOG SEEMED ALMOST SOLID IT WAS OUT OF THE FOG THAT THE SHIP CAME.
A SHIP! I'M IMAGINING IT!
NO, HALE... IT'S REAL!
SHE'S GONE!

AHOY ON DECK! HELP! HELP!
THEY DON'T SEE US! THEY'RE BEARING RIGHT DOWN ON US! SHE'LL HIT US!
WHEN SHE DOES, JUMP FOR THE RIGGING! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
WEAK AS THEY WERE, HALE AND STEVENS MANAGED TO CRAWL ALONG THE WORM-EATEN BOWSPRIT, TO DROP TO THE SPLINTERING DECK—AND THE ODOR OF DECAY CLOSED ABOUT THEM LIKE A CLOUD.
HALE! THE ROPE! IT'S ROTTEN!
GOT YOU!
HALE, WHAT—WHAT ARE THEY? THE CREW. THEY'RE OLD MEN. AND THIS SHIP! T-IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A MUSEUM!
SAILOR! WHAT SHIP IS THIS?

HE DIDN'T EVEN HEAR ME! HALE, LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S DRESSED! HIS CLOTHES, THE SHIP... EVERYTHING IS OLD! THERE HAVEN'T BEEN SHIPS, LIKE THIS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!
COME ON! WE'LL FIND SOME-ONE WHO'LL LISTEN TO US!
BUT A SILENT CREW WENT ABOUT ITS SILENT TASKS! NO MAN SPOKE! IT WAS IN THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP THAT DAVE STEVENS LOST HIS REASONS!
NOTHING! THEY TREAT US AS IF WE DON'T EXIST! HALE, I... I'M SCARED!
SO AM I! BUT... WAIT A MINUTE! THAT MUST BE THE CAPTAIN!
YOU! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS SHIP?
STEVENS! YOUR HAND! IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
STEVENS! WAIT!
I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON
BUT STEVENS DID NOT WAIT! HE RAN! HE WAS ALMOST TO THE RAIL WHEN HALE CAUGHT UP TO HIM!
LET ME GO!
LET ME GO, YOU FOOL! HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED! WE'RE ON THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!
NO! STEVENS, GET HOLD OF YOURSELF!

A SILENT SHIP SAILED A SILENT SEA! GEORGE HALE DID NOT KNOW, AFTERWARD, HOW LONG HE LAY ON THE ROTTING DECK! BUT WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF, HE KNEW SOMETHING ELSE!
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN! THE GHOST SHIP! THE SHIP THAT WAS CURSED! THE SHIP THAT WILL SAIL THESE WATERS... FOREVER! IT CAN'T BE!
BUT THOSE MEN AREN'T REAL/THEY'RE SHADOWS! SHADOWS...
HALE CLUNG TO A BIT OF WORM-EATEN WOOD AND WAITED FOR DEATH! BUT HE WAS NOT TO DIE! NOT YET! HE WAS STILL AFLOAT WHEN THE SUN ROSE...
LOOK THERE! ISN'T THAT A MAN IN THE WATER?
A MAN, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF ONE!

WILLING HANDS PLUCKED HALE FROM THE SEA, LIFTED HIM TO A SOLID, GLEAMING DECK...
THE DUTCHMAN.. FLYING DUTCHMAN...
HE'S DELIRIOUS, SIR! HE THINKS HE'S BEEN ABOARD THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!
GEORGE HALE MUMBLED HIS STORY LATER... AND THEN HE DIED!
POOR DEVIL! THERE WASN'T VERY MUCH WE COULD DO FOR HIM! ANYTHING IN THAT OILSKIN POUCH, SIR?
YES! IDENTIFICATION PAPERS! HE WAS AN A.B. ABOARD AN OIL TANKER! THE NARCISSUS! THAT'S STRANGE...
I REMEMBER THE NARCISSUS! SHE DISAPPEARED WITH ALL HANDS. I...I WONDER WHERE HALE HAS REALLY BEEN?!
WHERE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! HIS SHIP WENT DOWN AND SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO STAY AFLOAT! IT SEEMS SIMPLE!
YOU THINK SO, EH? BUT ACCORDING TO THESE PAPERS HALE WAS JUST NINETEEN YEARS OLD, AND I REMEMBER WHEN THE NARCISSUS WENT DOWN!
THAT WAS IN 1917!
1917, SIR? YOU'RE JOKING! WHY IF THAT'S SO... THEN, WHERE HAS HALE BEEN SINCE THE NARCISSUS WENT DOWN? SURELY YOU DON'T THINK HE'S BEEN ABOARD THE FLYING DUTCHMAN?
I THINK NOTHING! BUT ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND THE DUTCHMAN IS DOOMED TO SAIL WITH ITS CREW UNTIL ETERNITY! ABOARD THAT ACCURSED VESSEL ONE OF OUR YEARS WOULD BE ONLY A MOMENT!
HALE WAS NINETEEN WHEN THE NARCISSUS WENT DOWN! LOOK AT HIS FACE, LIEUTENANT, AND THEN TELL ME WHERE YOU THINK HE'S BEEN FOR THE PAST THIRTY-SIX YEARS!
THE END


WHAT MAN HAS NOT HAD THE NIGHTMARE? THE DREAM OF WAKING WITHIN THE NARROW BLACKNESS OF A COFFIN, OF SCREAMING WITH THE SUDDEN MIND SHATTERING KNOWLEDGE THAT..
THE DEAD LIVE

TUESDAY: I MUST SET IT ALL DOWN. SITTING HERE WITH THE RAIN TAPPING SKELETON FINGERS ON MY WINDOW. THIS PLACE IS STRANGE I FELT IT TONIGHT WHEN I SAW CARL HEATH AGAIN AFTER SIX YEARS.

AN ANCIENT SERVANT TOOK MY BAGS - AS I FOLLOWED CARL TO A SHADOWY SITTING ROOM...

SHE WAS PALE WHITE - SHE SMILED AND WENT OUT. CARL AND I WERE ALONE

YOU TOLD ME THAT YEARS AGO! WHAT OF IT? I'VE HEARD OF SUCH CASES. EPILEPSY SOMETIMES GIVES THE APPEARANCE OF DEATH!
NOT EPILEPSY! THE MEDICAL WORLD HAS NO NAME OR CURE FOR IT! THAT'S WHY I'M AFRAID!
BUT SURELY YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS IF YOU'RE NEAR DEATH! WHY THIS SUDDEN PANIC? YOU VE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR FAMILY ALL YOUR LIFE!
SOMETIMES FEAR GROWS SLOWLY! MY DOCTOR IS A PILL PUSHER...
CARL WAS IN A BAD WAY... I FOLLOWE HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE THROUGH A DANK DARK GROVE INTO THE FIELDS BEYOND.
A MAUSOLEUM! HERE?
THIS IS OUR FAMILY BURIAL GROUND.. THIS IS WHERE I WILL BE PLACED IF I DIE! COME ALONG, ABEL!
MY CASKET, ABEL!
THAT CHAIN LEADS TO THE HOUSE. TO MY ROOM... TO AN ALARM.. A BELL TO MY BEDSIDE! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
IF I SEEM TO BE DEAD I WILL BE BURIED HERE! BUT IF I STILL LIVE... IF I WAKEN.. I CAN SIGNAL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BUT SOMEONE MUST BE IN MY ROOM! THE SIGNAL MUST BE HEARD!
SO YOU'VE CHOSEN ME! WHY, EVEN IF ALL THIS SHOULD HAPPEN. ANGELA WOULD HEAR..

I HAVE TO SPARE HER THAT SHOCK IF I CAN! SHE'S WEAK, ABEL, THERE'S DEATH IN MY HOUSE! I FEEL IT! STAY UNTIL I DIE! THEN STAY ON. A WEEK! LIVE IN MY ROOM AFTER I DIE!
I AGREED! BUT AFTERWARDS IT SEEMED INSANE! I PACED RESTLESSLY, IMPATIENT
MISTER BARTON, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?
YOU STARTLED ME! WH-WHO ARE YOU?
DR. EVERS! I STOP BY EVERY NIGHT! CARL HAS TOLD ME YOU'RE STAYING HERE!
YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT THE CHAIN COFFIN. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
CARL IS SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION. HE IS NO CLOSER TO DEATH THAN YOU ARE! BUT HE'S BROODED OVER HIS FAMILY HISTORY FOR SO LONG THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES HE MAY DIE ANY MOMENT!
CAN IT BE, DOCTOR, THAT CARL IS MORE AFRAID OF STAYING ALIVE!?
WEDNESDAY
CARL REFUSED THE PILLS! AND TONIGHT I REALIZED THERE IS LITTLE I CAN DO FOR ANGELA!
CARL NEEDS REST, BUT HE REFUSES MEDICATION! THESE ARE SLEEPING PILLS. TRY TO GET HIM TO TAKE ONE. AND TALK TO ANGELA. SPEND SOME TIME WITH HER!
I'LL DO MY BEST!
I KNOW THERE HAVE BEEN CASES OF PREMATURE BURIAL IN HIS FAMILY. BUT HE IS PERFECTLY HEALTHY! HIS FIRST CONCERN SHOULD BE ANGELA! HIS FEARS HAVE INFECTED HER, TOO!
LEAVE HERE? BUT THIS IS MY HOME! WE WILL NEVER LEAVE! WE BELONG HERE!

THE PAST IS DUST! YOU MUSTN'T LET CARL'S WILD IDEAS INFLUENCE YOU LIKE THIS!
MUSTN'T? WE HAVE THE SAME BLOOD, CARL AND I... AND THE SAME BELIEF THAT WHAT MUST BE WILL BE!
GO AWAY, ABEL, GO BEFORE THE THINGS THAT HANG OVER US ENGULF YOU TOO!
THURSDAY CARL KEEPS TO HIS ROOM... I TRIED AGAIN TO CONVINCE ANGELA...
THE MOONLIGHT BECOMES YOU, ANGELA! YOUR SKIN GLOWS LIKE ALABASTER!
ALABASTER, THAT'S WHAT THEY MAKE URNS OF... THE URNS THAT HOLD THE ASHES OF THE DEAD!
DEATH! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF? YOU SHOULD BE OUT DANCING, LAUGHING WITH YOUR BEAU, NOT BROODING IN THIS MORBID PLACE!
I DO HAVE A BEAU, ABEL! HE WAITS IN THE DARKNESS, A LOVER WHO'S FLESH IS COLD, WHO'S KISS IS ICY!
YOU THINK US MAD, DON'T YOU? BUT WE KNOW... OUR FAMILY LINE IS CURSED! NONE OF US LIVES TO AN OLD AGE!
NONSENSE! THIS ILLNESS YOU SPEAK OF IS ONLY IMMAG NATION! ANGELA, LISTEN TO ME..
FRIDAY: STILL SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN... WAIT, SOMEONE IS AT THE DOOR!
CARL! WHAT IS IT?
ANGELA! IT'S ANGELA! COME AND SEE!
SHE WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR OF HER ROOM WHEN WE GOT THERE!
IT MUST HAVE HIT SUDDENLY... WHATEVER IT WAS... SHE'S GONE! CARL, I'M SORRY!

GONE? GONE! LOOK AT HER BEAUTIFUL FACE. TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE! TOO LOVELY FOR LIFELESS DUST!
HER PULSE AND HEARTBEAT HAVE STOPPED, CARL! SHE'S DEAD!
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW? WHO KNOWS HOW FAR THE SOUL TRAVELS WHEN IT LEAVES THE BODY?
CARL, STOP IT! HYSTERICS WON'T HELP! I'LL CALL DR. EVERS, HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL FOR CERTAIN!
THE DOCTOR CAME AND MADE EVERY TEST! BUT CARL STILL WILL NOT BELIEVE! HE TOOK ME TO THE MAUSOLEUM AGAIN!
SHE MUST BE PLACED HERE IN THE CASKET I PREPARED FOR MYSELF! IF SHE STILL LIVES, I'LL KNOW!
OF COURSE, CARL IF YOU WANT IT LIKE THAT.
SATURDAY: ANGELA WAS PLACED IN THE BRONZE CASKET TODAY! BUT NOW, IT IS CARL THAT WORRIES ME!
CARL, YOU MUST GO TO BED! YOU NEED REST!
NO, I MUST STAY AWAKE! THAT BELL... IF IT RINGS, THERE WILL BE TIME TO TAKE HER FROM THE CASKET!
SUNDAY MY BEDROOM WINDOW LOOKS ACROSS A COURT INTO CARL'S WINDOW! I SAW HIM PACING ALL LAST NIGHT!
CARL, YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
MONDAY FINALLY CARL SLEPT. LAST NIGHT ALL NIGHT! I'M GOING TO HIS ROOM TO WAKEN HIM!
CARL! CARL! WAKE UP! IT'S MORNING!
MORNING ABEL! I SLEPT, BUT I DREAMED!
I DREAMED THAT ANGELA STILL LIVED! I HEARD THE BELL AND I COULDN'T MOVE! IT WAS AS IF GREAT WEIGHTS WERE PRESSING ME DOWN!
IT WAS A DREAM, CARL, YOU KNOW THAT!

NO! NO, IT WAS NOT A DREAM! IT WAS REAL!
CARL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE CASKET, TO ANGELA!

LATER: THE HORROR OF IT! WE WENT TO THE MAUSOLEUM AND IT WAS NOT A DREAM... NOT NOW.. OR BEFORE!
THE SHROUD LAY IN TATTERS, HER FACE SCRATCHED AND MANGLED... AS IF SHE HAD TORN HER FLESH IN AGONY OF TERROR! HOW CAN I DESCRIBE IT!?
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! IT WASN'T A DREAM! I HEARD THE BELL, BUT I COULDN'T MOVE! SHE WAS PLACED IN THE CASKET ALIVE, ALIVE!
NO...THERE...THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION! THERE MUST BE!

BUT THERE ISN'T! THEY CAME, THE POLICE, THE DOCTOR! BUT THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION!
POOR... LITTLE THING! EVERY TEST INDICATED THAT SHE WAS DEAD! BUT SHE WASN'T! SHE CAME BACK TO LIFE. AND DIED OF FEAR. . AND HER STRUGGLES! BARTON, DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR CARL! WE CAN AT LEAST SAVE HIS SANITY!
SAVE CARL'S SANITY? I WISH I COULD LAUGH! WHO WILL SAVE MY SANITY? WHO CAN I TALK TO ..TO EASE MY SOUL!
HOW CAN I FORGET THE SLEEPING PILL I PUT IN CARL'S DRINKING WATER LAST NIGHT! THE PILL THAT KEPT HIM CHAINED TO HIS BED... WHILE ANGELA STRUGGLED AND DIED IN HER TOMB!
THE END

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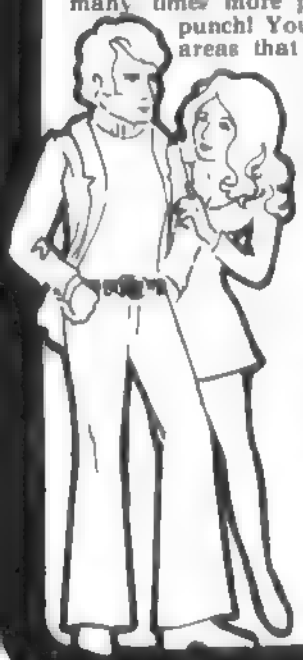

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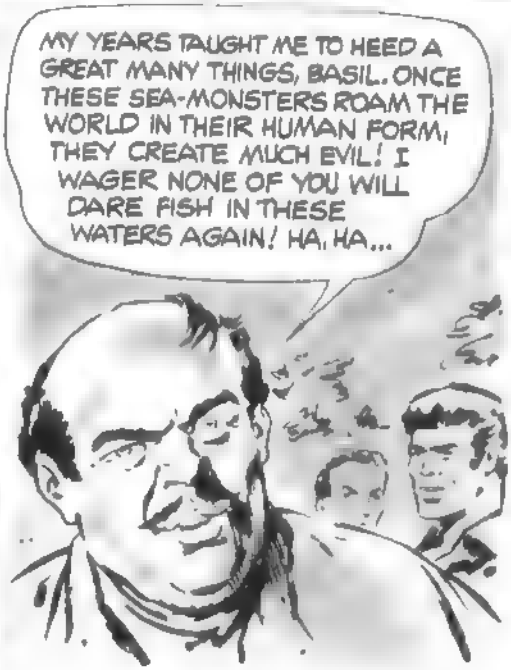
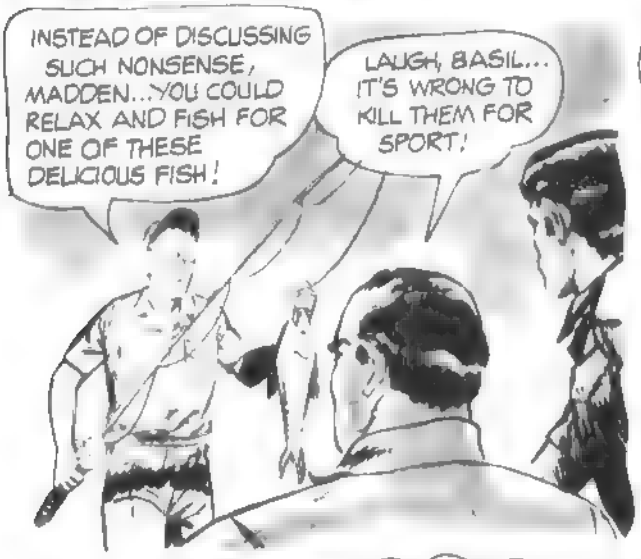
THE WATER DEMON

FRANK KENTON, NEWLY ELECTED MEMBER OF THE EXPLORER'S CLUB LISTENED WITH INTEREST TO THE DISCUSSION..



I'LL TAKE YOUR WAGER, MADDEN!
HA, HA... DONE! DONE! LEAD US TO YOUR MONSTERS, OLD MAN!

SO THE EERIE WAGER WAS ACCEPTED AND ALL ARRIVED AT THE DOCK WHERE MADDEN'S YACHT WAITED.
SIR? IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT SUCH CREATURES COULD EXIST!
JUST WAIT AND SEE, MY FRIEND.


INSTEAD OF DISCUSSING SUCH NONSENSE, MADDEN...YOU COULD RELAX AND FISH FOR ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS FISH!
LAUGH, BASIL... IT'S WRONG TO KILL THEM FOR SPORT!

NOW I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT? OH, WELL....TO EACH HIS OWN...
HE PROBABLY WAS IRRITATED BECAUSE NONE OF US BELIEVE HIM!

THE HOURS SPED BY, AND THE SUN NOW SLOWLY SANK INTO THE WATERS. ON DECK..
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL HERE!...AND SO DANGEROUS...FOR WHAT STRANGE HORRORS LURK IN THE JUNGLES AND WATERS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD?

SUDDENLY...
ARRGHH..

DEEPER AND DEEPER THE SLIMY TENTACLES PULLED AND DRAGGED HIM... EVER DOWNWARD BUT STRANGE ENOUGH HE DID NOT DROWN... FOR IT WAS NOT YET FATED...
URRRGHHH...
AND THEN, AT THE OCEAN FLOOR, HE SAW IT...HE SAW THE SEA-MONSTER!
ARRAGHH--W-WHAT IS THAT THING? IT'S A NIGHTMARE...IT MUST BE! I'M DREAMING THIS! PLEASE! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
THOSE WARM, CLOYING LIPS, EVEN IN THE ICECOLD WATER OF THE OCEAN, BURNED INTO HIS WITH A FEROCITY BEYOND COMPARE!
SUDDENLY, A SHIFTING TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE
COME INTO MY ARMS! KISS ME! KISS ME!
YOU RE LOVELY! YES! YES! I-- I CAN'T STOP MYSELF!
ENOUGH! YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE FIRST KISS! HA, HA...YOU ARE DOOMED FOREVER! HA, HA...DOOMED... DOOMED FOREVER! HA, HA....
AAAGHH!! WHAT HAVE I DONE! OH...OH.. ..WHAT HAVE I DONE?
FORGET THIS, MORTAL! FORGET.... UNTIL THE NEXT TIME! HA, HA...
THE MONSTER LIFTED HIM BACK ONTO THE DECK OF THE YACHT. FRANK KENTON WAS UNCONSCIOUS. OBLIVIOUS OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED.
AND WHEN HE AWOKE...
WHA...? WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID I GET WET??

WHY, FRANK, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU TO COME TO DINNER!
I...UH...I WAS IN MY CABIN...I DECIDED TO GO FOR A SWIM. I'LL BE RIGHT IN!

LATER WHEN ALL HAD FINISHED DINNER, MADDEN BEGAN TO RELATE MORE OF THE SEA-MONSTER LEGEND.
THE STRANGE PART OF THIS SUPERSTITION IS THAT THE MONSTER KISSES ITS VICTIM TWICE, THE TRANSFORMATION CAN TAKE PLACE!
HA, HA... QUITE A FAIRY-TALE!

BUT WHEN FRANK HAD GONE TO BED, HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND HAD ALREADY SUCCUMBED TO THE HORROR OF THE SEA-MONSTER!
SOMEWHERE...SOMETIME IT WILL COME AGAIN! SPARE ME FROM THE SECOND KISS!

THAT NEXT DAY, THE PARTY DECIDED TO EXPLORE ANOTHER ISLAND, LEAVING MADDEN AND FRANK KENTON BEHIND...
GOODBYE! I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR RETURN!
PROF. MADDEN, WHAT DID YOU MEAN ABOUT THE SECOND KISS?

EVERY SEVEN YEARS, A MONSTER MATURES ENOUGH TO PARTAKE OF THIS TRANSFERENCE! ONLY THEN CAN IT CHANGE PLACES WITH A HUMAN!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, MADDEN?

YA·A·A·A·H! THE MONSTER! NOW MY MEMORY IS CLEAR AGAIN! LAST NIGHT... IT WANTS THAT SECOND KISS!
HA, HA, HA!

BUT WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?
WHY DO YOU THINK, FOOL? I AM NOT MADDEN! I HAVE INHABITED HIS BODY! I STARTED THIS LEGEND... AND BROUGHT YOU HERE. TAKE HIM NOW–
NO! NO! YAAA·A·H! DON'T... PLEASE...
DON'T YOU THINK I AM BEAUTIFUL? COME TO ME! KISS MY LIPS AGAIN! MY HEART LONGS FOR YOU, DARLING! COME! COME!
YES... YES...
HA, HA, HA...
THEN THE HORROR BEGAN! TENTACLES SPROUTED FROM HIS ARMS... HIS FLESH UNDULATED AND WRINKLED. HIS VISION GREW HAZY AND DIM...
SINKING... SINKING... THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME... THIS CAN'T HAPPEN...
HA·HA·HA... HA·HA!
I HAVE WON, FOOL... WON! WON! NOW YOUR BODY IS MINE! HA, HA...
NO! THIS CAN'T BE! IT WAS THE SECOND KISS. OHHHH.... I KISSED A--A MONSTER! SOB... SOB...

AGAIN HE SANK LOWER, LOWER TOWARDS THE OCEAN-FLOOR. NOW STRANGE THINGS OCCURED. HE TRIED TO BREATHE AND FOUND THAT HE COULD! HE WAVED HIS HANDS, AND TENTACLES RESPONDED! HE WAS...
A MONSTER! I'M A SEA MONSTER! IT'S TAKEN MY OWN BODY! WHAT SHALL I DO?
HE HAD TO GET BACK ON THE BOAT... HE SHOT TO THE SURFACE -- CRYING, SCREAMING, SHRIEKING!
HELP! HELP! THEY DON'T HEAR ME! THEY'RE LEAVING AND THEY DON'T HEAR ME!
BUT HE LIVED SOMEHOW. HE FOUND HOW TO CONTROL HIS BLOATED BODY. HE REALIZED HE TOO HAD BECOME THE SCAVENGER OF THE DEEP...EVER HUNGRY...EVER YEARNING FOR FOOD!
I'M DOOMED! DOOMED TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH! OHHH...I DON'T WANT TO LIVE... I WANT TO DIE...TO DIE... SOB...SOB...
THE YEARS WENT BY. NOW AND AGAIN HE WOULD SEE PACKS OF GIANT SEA-MONSTERS FEEDING ON THE DEAD...
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POOR DEVIL WHO VACATED MADDEN'S BODY? HE MUST HAVE GONE INSANE! LOOK AT THEM...LOOK AT THE WAY THEY TEAR AND REND...OHH...IT'S HORRIBLE!
FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, FRANK KENTON WATCHED THE SURFACE FOR THE SHIP HE KNEW WOULD CONTAIN THE TWO WHO BROUGHT HIM HIS FATE. IT WAS TIME FOR ANOTHER TRANSFERENCE...HIS REVENGE...
THERE THEY ARE...AND TALKING WITH A GIRL ON THE BOTTOM DECK OF THE SHIP! THE DEVILS... FIENDS!

SO BOTH OF YOU ARE RESEARCH ASSOCIATES THEN?
YES. PROF. MADDEN AND I DECIDED TO BECOME PARTNERS IN OUR MUTUAL LIFE WORK SEVEN YEARS AGO!

THE GIRL ROSE TO TAKE A DIP IN THE POOL. THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF "FRANK", AND MADDEN ROSE UP SILENTLY BEHIND IN MUTUAL ACCORD, AND...
PLEASANT DIP, MY DEAR! HA, HA...
EEEEEE

THE FIRST KISS OF DOOM WILL COMPLETELY ENSLAVE HER-- IF I DON'T REACH THAT CREATURE IN TIME!

KENTON'S CHARGE TAKES THE OTHER MONSTER BY SURPRISE...
WOOOOEEEEEE

AS THE CREATURE SANK INTO THE SEA, FRANK SENT HIS TENTACLES UP AROUND THE TWO MEN AND SQUEEZED.
Y·A·A·AH!
URRGH!

MADDEN FELL DEAD...THE BODY OF FRANK KENTON TWITCHED WITH DYING SPASMS. SUDDENLY THE WORLD FADED FOR FRANK AND WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS ON DECK ALONGSIDE THE GIRL. HE HAD REGAINED HIS BODY.
DID YOU SEE THAT? QUICK! SHOOT IT!
GET THE COORDINATES OF THIS PLACE! WE'LL HAVE A PLANE BOMB THIS THING!

THEN THEY RUSHED UP TO HIM AS HE DIED... ACCUSING...PUZZLED.
YOU TRIED TO PUSH HER OVERBOARD! THEN YOU RESCUED HER AGAIN! WE SAW IT! WHY?
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW I'M AFRAID! NO... YOU'LL NEVER KNOW...
THE END

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WHAT AGE WOULD YOU LIKE TO REACH ? 100 ? 200 ? 300 ? BETTER NOT SET YOUR MARK TOO HIGH TILL YOU READ THE GRUESOME TALE OF

GROTESQUE

AGGHWH!

IT'S A HANGING MATTER IF THEY GET ME NOW! BETTER LEAVE FAST!

BUT WHAT'S THIS? ELIXIR OF LIFE?
ELIXIR OF LIFE
AND I TRULY BELIEVE THAT IF ONE QUAFFS THIS LIQUID HE

"HE WILL LIVE TO BE AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS! AND YET I AM AFRAID TO TRY IT--"
WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID!

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

YES CALEB DRANK DEEP--AND SOME FIFTY YEARS LATER
HEH! HEH! I LOOK MY AGE-- BUT I FEEL SPRY AS A YOUNKER! WHO CARES WHAT I LOOK LIKE!

CALEB DIDN'T CARE BUT DID YOU EVER SEE A MAN 150 YEARS OLD?
TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD?
OR THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD?

YES, CALEB WAS A RANK, FOUL THING OF HORROR... AND AS HE PASSED THROUGH THE STREETS...
EEEH!

THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE HORRIFIED AND DECIDED TO TAKE ACTION...
HE'LL FRIGHTEN SOMEONE TO DEATH ONE OF THESE DAYS--INFORM THE AUTHORITIES AND HAVE HIM LOCKED UP!

I DON'T WANT TO BE LOCKED UP! I STILL HAVE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF LIFE AHEAD OF ME!

THE WAX WORKS! I'LL HIDE IN THERE 'TILL--NO--WAIT-- I'VE A BETTER IDEA--A WONDERFUL IDEA...

CHANDLER MAKES THESE WAX FIGURES HIMSELF-- IF I CAN GET HIM TO-- HEH! HEH! I'LL BE SAFE THEN!

LATER--
AGHH! YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT!

I WANT YOU TO COVER MY MOULDERING FLESH WITH WAX--MAKE ME LOOK YOUNG!
YES--YES-- ANYTHING!

SOON, AS CHANDLER PREPARED THE WAX FOR HIS LOATHSOME TASK--
HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE?
ANYTHING--SO LONG AS THEY DON'T-- WAIT-- DO YOU KNOW STEVEN WINTERS?

YES, OF COURSE-- THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN TOWN! BUT WHY?
YOU'LL MAKE ME LOOK LIKE HIM! EXACTLY LIKE HIM!

FINE! FINE! IT GLISTENS LIKE REAL, HEALTHY FRESH! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

AND THEN THE REST OF THE BODY...

AND FINALLY--
THERE-- FIN SHED!
YES-- EXCEPT FOR ONE LITTLE DETAIL--

I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A LIVING SOUL KNOW OF THIS CHANGE!

SOME DAYS LATER--
WINTERS FREQUENTLY PASSES HERE ON LONELY WALKS! I'LL WAIT-- I HAVE PLENTY OF T ME, MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE!

PRESENTLY, WINTER'S PASSED, AND CALEB'S NEW WAXEN FINGERS REACHED OUT AND CLUTCHED WARM LIVING FLESH!

I'LL DISPOSE OF THE BODY IN THE SWAMP-- THEN I'LL BE WINTER'S WITH ALL HIS WEALTH!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON--
FINE! THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE AT ALL!
HOW PALE THE MASTER LOOKS! I HOPE HE ISN'T ILL!

AND THAT EVENING AS CALEB LAY IN WINTER'S BED...
I'LL LIVE HERE FOR A WHILE -- THEN DISAPPEAR WITH ALL THE MONEY I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON!

CALEB SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT, AND NEXT MORNING WHILE HE WAS STILL ASLEEP--
STRANGE HABIT OF THE MASTER'S --STARTING EACH DAY WITH A STEAM BATH!
IT MUST MEAN A LOT TO HIM-- SINCE HE'S HAD THE MECHANISM SPECIALLY BUILT INSIDE HIS BEDROOM!

THIS HEAT-- IT-- IT'S HORRIBLE! MELTING THE WAX! MUST STOP IT. MUST GET OUT!

AGHHH! HELP! THE WAX-- IT'S HOT-- BURNING ME ALIVE! HELP!

AND WHEN THE SERVANTS ENTERED THE ROOM--
THE MASTER-- LOOK-- AGHHH!
The End

This TOMB is OURS

In many places in England you will find remains of ancient Roman camps. These encampments often included training quarters and burial grounds. Back in the 30's Violet A. Methley wrote this story about a construction site near one of these camps.

■ Two men in plus-fours tramped over the crest of the down. The taller could best be described as bluff; the other smaller, slimmer, paced more slowly, his lips moving as he measured the yards. Frowning, he made entries in a notebook, examined every crease and fold in the ground, with an eye keen as the hawk's hovering overhead.

"Grand site, eh? High—breezy—fine views—" The bigger man waved his hand with large vagueness, and his companion nodded approvingly, with pursed lips.

"Perfect—couldn't have done it better if I'd planned it myself from the beginning."

Thus did Mr. Seton Croft congratulate the Almighty upon the creation of an ideal natural golf course, that morning in 1931, and did so without any conscious conceit. For years he had practiced golf-course construction; he was without a rival in craft and subtlety of bunkers and hazards,

and it was his boast never to make two holes alike.

"Good!" Gilbert Scayles, owner of the land, beamed complacently. "Then we'll get it in hand at once—open next Easter, eh? I'll give you a free hand about engaging labor, and you and your wife can live at the lodge to keep an eye on things."

Seton Croft nodded absent-mindedly. "This stretch will make a grand twelfth hole—the longest on the course," he said thoughtfully. "Five hundred yards of turf for fairway—trees on one side—sand pits on the other. Put an artificial bunker midway—and there's the twelfth green."

They were now on the crest of the down; only the mounds of the Roman camp rose higher, and Croft pointed to the half-moon of sandy hollows and out-cropping rock which ended the vista.

As they set off toward it, along the natural fairway, the golf-architect came to a frowning standstill, staring down. "Sinful, positively sinful!" he muttered. "A glorious fairway spoilt like that"

Right across, from side to side, ran the furrows of wheel-tracks, bitten through the soft skin of turf to the flesh and bone of chalk and rock beneath.

"By Gad, yes—a confounded shame!" Scayles bent to examine the ruts. "They must be turfed over, and I'll stop anyone from driving this way in future. I've got all rights over the land, and I'll see to it at once."

"We'll get the ruts leveled and turfed first thing, then," Croft commented. "Yes, as I thought, the green almost plans itself; it should be one of the best holes on the course."

Seton Croft was not the man to let grass grow under his feet, except where such grass was required, on a new golf course. Within a week, expert labor was engaged and he was established with his wife in the lodge, spending his days on the course, his evenings, with a large sand-filled tray, in which he had constructed a fascinating small-scale model, complete even to the tiny flags on the greens. Croft was a methodical man.

After giving orders for the first roughing-out of the whole course, he concentrated his own attention upon the planning of the first hole, a difficult bit of work. Consequently, it was not for two or three weeks that he took a general survey to see how the work was progressing, and, in the course of it, reached the twelfth hole, and walked along the fairway to view the returfing of the furrows. Once again, Croft stopped short.

"Look here, Long!" he summoned one of the workmen busy on the twelfth green. "Didn't I give particular orders that these ruts were to be leveled and turfed?"

"Yes, sir, and so they were," the man spoke aggrievedly. "But yesterday evening or early this morning carts have been along the track again, tearing it up like you see."

"Confound them!" Croft, who rarely swore, broke out furiously. "Get it put right as soon as possible, and I'll speak to Mr. Scayles at once. This shan't happen again."

Scayles was as indignant as could be wished. Notice boards were set up, orders sent all round the estate, whilst Croft concentrated upon the repair of the damage, laying fresh soil in the ruts, applying turf like new-grafted skin.

Inquiries had not led to the discovery of the culprits; all the cart-owners in the neighborhood denied having driven across the golf course. As one of them put it, reasonably enough, "It isn't a short cut anywhere, and it don't lead nowhere, so what'd be the sense of doing it?"

But the trouble was not over. Two days after all had been put right, Croft took his wife round the course, to hear her opinion of it as a practical golfer, which he himself was not. She was properly and satisfactorily enthusiastic—until they reached the fairway of the twelfth hole. And there, once again, the turf was torn transversely by those deeply bitten cart-tracks.

Croft lost his temper completely for once. "It'll never be in condition now by the time of the opening," he declared. "It must be some cursed swine of villagers who've made up their minds that it's a right of way across the course, and drive their carts over it on purpose."

In corroboration of his words came a voice from close by, and the Crofts became aware of an aged rustic, with gnarled hands clasped on the top of a knotted stick from which they were almost indistinguishable. He worked his toothless mouth and blinked rheumy eyes, speaking quaveringly.

"Eee, Mester, 'e'll niver keep them ruts smooth, niver in this world," he mouthed. "They'll be druv theer agin."

"Why—do you know who makes them?" Croft demanded

"Iss—iss!" the old fellow nodded shakily. "For sure I do. "Tes the milk-carts."

Milk-carts! Good heavens, did such things still exist? Did farmers still deliver milk in large metal cans rattling around in a horse-drawn cart? Croft sighed. He was a city man, despite his talents, and the English countryside, for all its beauty, often seemed like a trip into the forgotten past.

Yes, of course; horse-drawn carts were used in this rustic neighborhood. Then his anger and indignation returned.

"Where from? Whose milk-carts are they?" Croft asked.

"Can't tell 'ee that. But they do always come, tearing up the ruts, whativer 'ee do. Rattling and clattering, they comes, all the cans ajangling—the plaguey milk-carts!"

The old man shuffled away, mumbling. Croft could obtain no more information from him, nor did further inquiries help matters much. Scayles and his steward both insisted that there were no dairy-farms with carts and cans in the neighborhood. Moreover, old Ted Hollins was known to be soft in the brain, and you could not take anything he said for truth; he rambled most of his time.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had made an impression upon Croft, which was to be unpleasantly revived some weeks after the ruts had once more been repaired. For the architect returned to the lodge and his wife one lunchtime, with looks which boded disaster.

"Those cursed carts again!" he burst out. "Deeper tracks than ever. It's the most deliberate blackguardism I ever saw, and there must be connivance of the district. Scayles is furious and I'm about ready to chuck the whole thing. You can't work against determined opposition like this—it's heartbreaking."

"You'd feel worse if you gave up," his wife said wisely, and Croft nodded, with gloomy assent.

"You're right. I'd rather catch the brutes. The workmen are inclined to give trouble, too—want me to alter the lie of the hole, say they'll make the turf good this once, but not again. And I can't coerce 'em; if those fellows turn sulky and strike, we'll never get the job done in time."

"It's absolutely sickening — but what can you do, dear, to prevent it happening again?" Mrs. Croft said sympathetically.

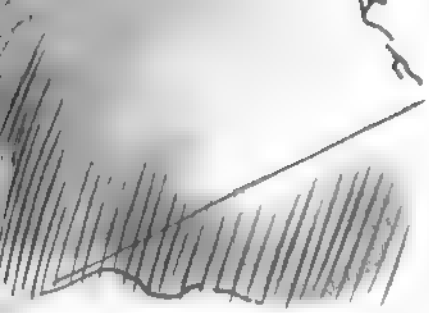
To that question Croft supplied an answer on the evening after the returfing had been again finished. After dinner he put on his boots again with a grimly set mouth.

"Going out again, dear?" his wife asked.

"Yes—going to spend the night at the twelfth hole," Croft told her. "Going to spend every night there, till I catch those scoundrels. I'm not taking any chance this time; if they come again they'll have me to reckon with. Don't fuss, old girl."

Being a wise wife, Mrs. Croft did not. She contented herself with making sure that her husband put on a warm overcoat, and took a packet of sandwiches and a whiskey-flask in the pockets.

The night was overcast, with a dim moon giving an air of unreality to the whole scene, which Croft felt vague-



ly, as he took a short cut across the course toward the twelfth fairway.

He walked along the edge of the rough, where sorrel and scabious grew in the yellowish grass. A little squealing creature ran out from almost under his feet, a bird gave a feeble pipe; otherwise it was very silent.

Croft reached a point where the ground fell away on the left, whilst to the right the slope rose smoothly toward the earthworks of the Roman camp, except for a deep cleft in the downs sparsely filled with bushes. The twelfth green was no more than fifty yards away; the newly-placed turves showed in bright stripes across the brownish-green of the fairway. Croft glanced toward them anxiously, but they were smooth and untouched, and with a sigh of relief he sat down on the edge of the fairway.

It was a lonely vigil. Croft smoked, ate his sandwiches, sat gazing out over the wide, misty stretch of valley, playing fantastically with the idea of it as a huge golf course to be planned, that distant ridge a bunker—that rising field a green. But it was all rather dream-like; Croft was half dozing when the first sound broke the stillness, a cank-clank-clank of metal, the jangle of cans. Old Ted was right then—the milk-carts were coming.

Croft sprang to his feet and looked round. The clanking jangle grew louder, coming from the rising ground on the right, the bush-filled cleft. He thought, now, he could catch men's voices, and the trampling of horse-hoofs was unmistakable.

Anger and irritation came surging back. These malicious boors thought they'd have it all their own way again, did they? Well, they should find out! Croft grasped the stick which he carried and advanced in the direction of the growing sounds

Suddenly, with clatter of metal and creak of harness a vehicle emerged from the chalk-cleft and swung down toward the smooth turf of the fairway. It was driven, milk-cart fashion, by a driver who stood behind the high, curved front, and behind could be caught a glimpse of another, and another. Croft strode forward, raising his stick threateningly.

"Here, you get way out of this!" he cried. "You've no business here. If you claim any rights, do it through the law courts, not by willful destruction of—"

His voice trailed off, for no answer came from the driver, and he urged his horse forward steadily. More furious than he had ever been in his life before, Croft snatched at the bridle

As he did so, something thrust him on one side, some power, scarcely physical, which stunned and bewildered him. He found himself asprawl on the turf, with the vehicle sweeping by, clattering, jangling, followed by another, and another. Gleaming with metal-work, drawn by horses under high yokes, they were not quite milk-carts, Croft realized, dragging himself on to his knees and staring in amazement. The drivers were swarthy, with strong features, and thick bodies, in closely molded leather jerkins.

Straight across the fairway they drove, wheeling into the rough grass beyond; one shouted to another in a strange tongue, which was somehow familiar and they were off, with a clatter and jingle, the drivers bending low—cracking their long whips.

And Croft still watched, dazed and bewildered .

Now they were returning at breakneck speed; they passed close to him; with a clatter and jangle, with a roar and a swirl they were gone, up and away toward the silent, dominant earthworks of the Roman camp.

But Seton Croft, golf-architect, sat huddled on the dry grass, trying to realize what strange spectacle he had seen in the misty moonlight, and what was its meaning.

"Chariots—Roman soldiers chariot-racing, men from the camp on the hill," he whispered. "This is where they did their training, when they were in garrison here—by Gad, yes!"

Presently he rose, and went to where the deep wheel-ruts showed on the new-laid turf, stood staring for some moments. It was almost daylight when he reached the lodge, and found a heavy-eyed wife waiting for him anxiously.

"My dear, you must be half dead," she fussed over him. "I've made a fire, so sit down and get warm, and drink this cocoa—Seton, how funny and dazed you look. Did you catch them?"

"Yes," Croft answered "I caught them in the act."

"Oh, the wretches! How dared they? Did you give them in charge?"

"No," Croft spoke slowly. "You see, they proved to me that they had a prior claim to be there . . . I rather think I shall alter that hole after all."

So that is why the twelfth hole of Seton Croft's last masterpiece in golf courses takes quite an unexpected direction. He told people who criticized it that there are a lot of things to consider in country districts—rights of user, for instance. It only makes trouble to go against the older inhabitants of a place, when you're laying out a golf course, Croft said wisely, in an article he wrote upon his sudden retirement. ●

KID BALDO IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF AN IMPORTANT EVENT. IT HAS BEEN A HARD CLIMB FROM CHILDHOOD IN A GRIMY MINING TOWN AND HE HAS STRUGGLED AS A PUNK IN THE PRELIMS. NOW HE FACES THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT IN HIS BOXING CAREER. BIG MONEY WILL FINALLY BE HIS!

THE THING IN THE RING

ON THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE BIG FIGHT, ***THE KID*** IS RESTING IN HIS HOTEL ROOM WHEN A KNOCK AT HIS DOOR ANNOUNCES A VISITOR...

WHEN HE OPENS THE DOOR, HIS JAW DROPS AS HE SEES A FAMILIAR FIGURE FROM HIS HOME TOWN FAR AWAY...

HEY—I KNOW YOU—OLD JOE ZAYINSKI, FROM HILLSBORO.
YES KID I'M JOE.

B-BUT YOU'RE DEAD: YOU WERE KILLED IN A MINE CAVE-IN MONTHS AGO!
THAT'S RIGHT KID. THAT'S WHY I CAME TO SEE YOU!

BACK IN OUR TOWN KID WHERE YOU WERE BORN, ALL THE FOLKS ARE PROUD OF YOUR SUCCESS. THEY'RE ALL ROOTING FOR YOU TO WIN.
Y-YES?

THE WIDOWS OF MY BUDDIES KILLED IN THE MINE WITH ME ARE BETTING ALL THEY HAVE ON YOU.
YES—SURE, I..

THOSE TRUSTING PEOPLE FEEL CERTAIN YOU WILL WIN—BUT I KNOW YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN PAID TO THROW THE FIGHT!
YOU KNOW? YOU—

THEN THE SPECTRE OF THE MINERS FADES...
DON'T LET THEM DOWN, KID...!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN, PACKY HIGGINS AND HIS MOB OF GANGSTERS ARE ELATED OVER THEIR CROOKED FIX OF THE FIGHT....
BOY! WHAT A TAKE, PACKY. EIGHTY GRAND!
YEAH. THE KID IS ALL FIXED TO KISS THE CANVAS.

THEN THE KID HIMSELF WALKS IN....
PACKY – I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
HEY, WATTA YOU DOIN' HERE? YOU OUGHTA BE IN YOUR ROOM, RESTING!

THE KID RELATES THE STORY OF HIS SPECTRAL VISITOR....
...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. I REALLY CAN'T THROW THE FIGHT!
THIS GUY'S OFF HIS ROCKER!
HE'S NUTS!

LISTEN, KID. WE MADE A DEAL. YOU'RE BEING PAID PLENTY TO LOSE, AND YOU RE GOING TO LOSE!
KEEP YOUR DOUGH. I WON'T LET MY HOME FOLKS DOWN.

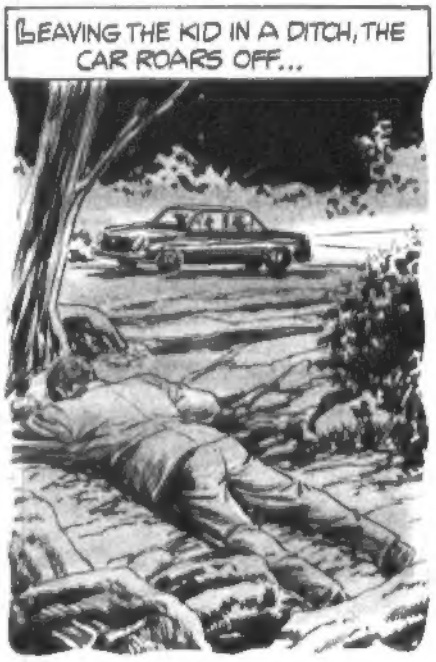
IF WE CAN'T WIN OUR BETS, WE'LL BUMP HIM TO KEEP FROM LOSIN' OUR MONEY. GIVE HIM THE WORKS, MONK.
COME ON, KID. WE'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO YOUR HOTEL.

THE TRUSTING YOUNG MAN GETS INTO THE CAR AND FINDS HIMSELF COVERED BY GUNS...
HEY - WHAT'S THIS? YOU--!!
SHUT UP, YOU PUNK! WE'LL FIX YOU, BUT GOOD!

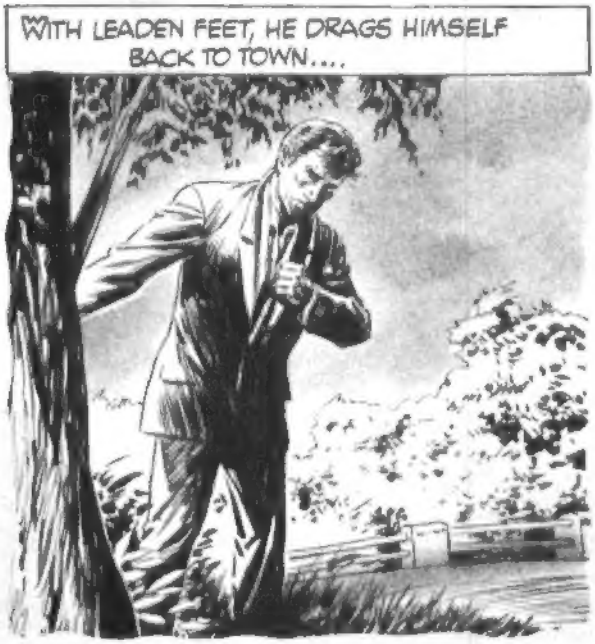
AT A LONELY SPOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN...
GET OUT!
YOU'RE GOING TO-- NO! NO!

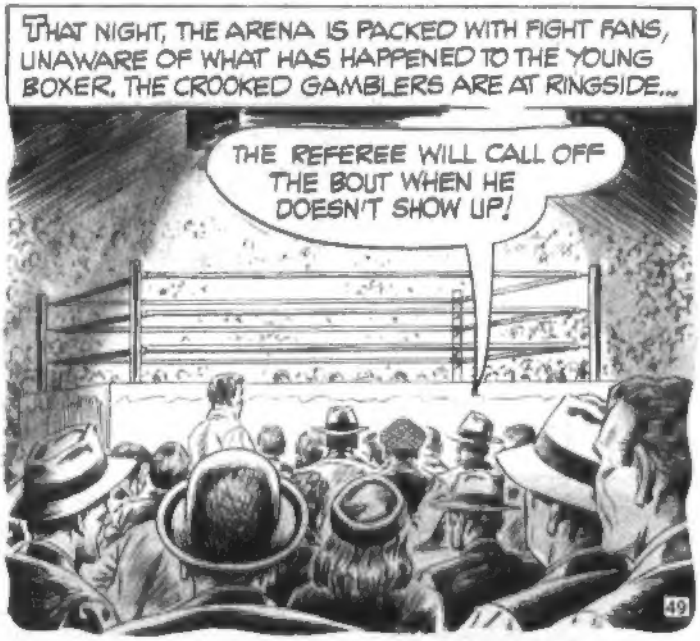
THE GANGSTERS SHOVE HIM FROM THE CAR, AND...
AR-RGGH!

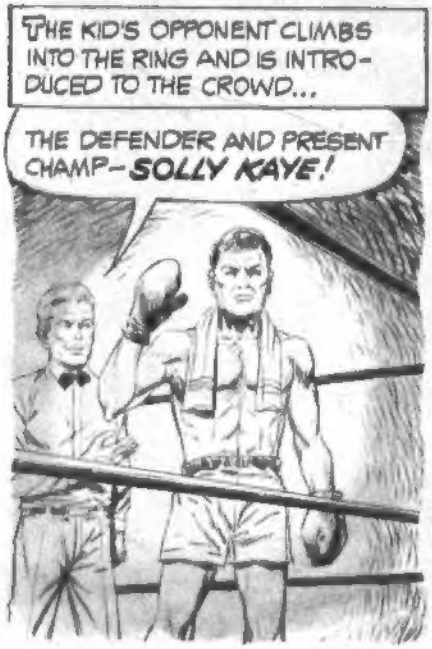
THAT DOES IT. THE PUNK IS DEAD.
YEAH. LET'S GET BACK.... PACKY'LL BE WAITING!

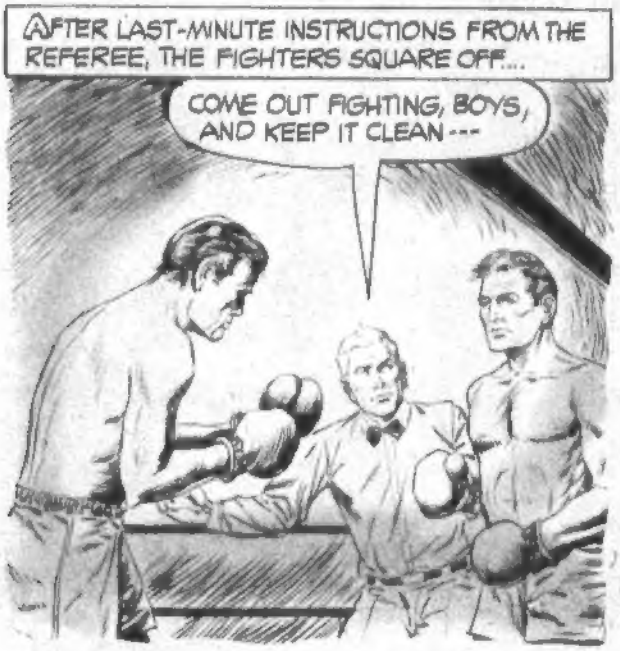

LEAVING THE KID IN A DITCH, THE CAR ROARS OFF...

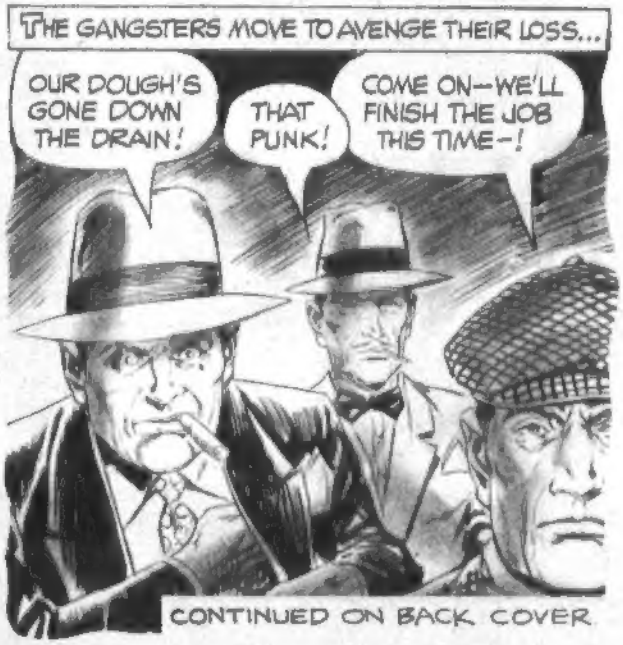
AFTER A WHILE, THE KID SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY GETS UP...


WITH LEADEN FEET, HE DRAGS HIMSELF BACK TO TOWN....


THAT NIGHT, THE ARENA IS PACKED WITH FIGHT FANS, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE YOUNG BOXER. THE CROOKED GAMBLERS ARE AT RINGSIDE...
THE REFEREE WILL CALL OFF THE BOUT WHEN HE DOESN'T SHOW UP!







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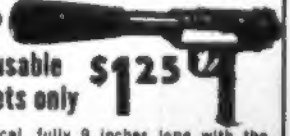

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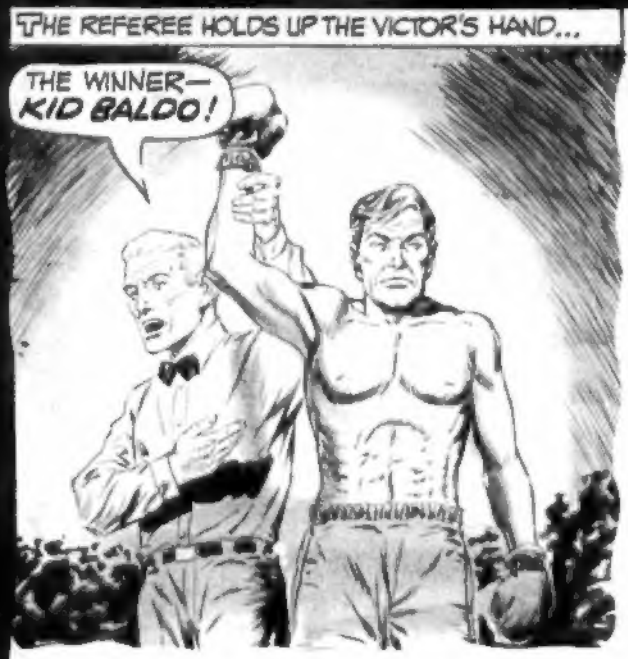
THE REFEREE HOLDS UP THE VICTOR'S HAND...
THE WINNER— KID BALDO!

BUT AN INSTANT LATER, THE KID PITCHES FORWARD TO THE CANVAS....

THE DOCTOR IS HASTILY CALLED....
HEY, COME HERE, DOC. COME HERE QUICK!

THIS MAN HAS BEEN SHOT!

THE FACE OF THE DOCTOR ASSUMES A LOOK OF AMAZEMENT AND UNBELIEF...
HE'S ICE COLD!

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR AT LEAST FOUR HOURS!
The end